

The final bell of the school day rang and it was time for everyone to go home, so Jean picked up her books that she would need for homework that evening. She walked down the hallway and out the back door and out into the long street at the end of which lay her home.

Jean had had a tiring day due to a math test and she did not pay much attention to where she was going. She suddenly looked up and saw that she had inadvertently wandered in the wrong direction—she felt lost. She looked around and saw a building that looked familiar and walked in those directions. Up ahead of her she saw an elderly woman walking slowly, struggling to carry her small bag of groceries, and a gang of men who were, it seemed, circling around her.

Jean wondered what they were up to when she saw the biggest man grab at the bag of groceries the lady was carrying. When the lady would not let go of them, the man struck her and she fell to the ground, screaming for them to stop. Jean was shocked and scared to yell because she was afraid of the men and what they might do to her. Instead, she ran and found a policeman and told him what she had witnessed. “I-I-I j-just saw an o-old lady and they h-hit her and sh-she fell down!” Jean gasped. “Calm down, young lady, and I will call for a backup unit to meet us there,” said the policeman. Jean tried to catch

her breath but she was too upset by what she had seen. She led the policeman to the scene of the crime.

They helped the old lady up off the ground and brushed the dirt from her coat. “Did you see those thugs who stole my groceries?” she asked Jean. “Yes, Ma’am, I did, and I am sorry I did not yell for them to stop, but I was afraid,” said Jean. The woman hugged her, and the policeman asked that they accompany him to the police station.

They followed him and there they filled out a report on the incident. Then the policeman said they had rounded up some suspects in the area and they wanted Jean to make an identification. Jean was shaking as she was led into the screening room. She looked through a window and saw the man who had pushed the old lady down and pointed him out to the police. They said the man had been in trouble with the law before and he would spend a lot of time in jail. Jean was glad and she felt brave.

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